

# The Mountain Signal.

Volume 2.

MOUNT VERNON, KY., FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1889.

Number 25

## LOCAL AND OTHERWISE

Bob Bell is happy father.  
J. W. Brown is in Louisville.  
R. A. Brown is able to walk about.  
A. D. Catron has moved to Somerset.

"Hock" Stephens has been on the sick list.  
Mrs. Pickens drew a pension of \$250.00.

"Hud" Williams is improving as a pig operator.

Joe, B. Joplin is in Lexington attending the races.

Mrs. Lee Arnold has returned home slightly improved.

Mace Miller has charge of telegraph office at Slacks.

Henry Branniman is quite sick with intermittent fever.

Geo. Howell has moved from Livingston to this place.

Reeder, the saw-mill man, passed down to Harboursville Sunday.

Jeff Haffaker, of Louisville, was talking up goods here yesterday.

Willis Adams and wife, of Garrard, are visiting relatives in this county.

Little Miss Sallie Linton, of Louisville, is visiting her grandmother here.

Miss May Miller has been pre-occupied with a fine piano by her father.

A few suits of men's clothing at McKenrie and Hiett's at cost for cash.

Business is looking up. Tanhark, lumber, &c. is coming in at a lively gait.

No birds whatever of the escaped jail birds. Let 'em go if they will only stay away.

Milton M. Frasier, Post no. 127, meets here on the 1st Saturday in each month.

Fullen Francisco has moved his mill to the banks of Skaggs Creek opposite J. Norton.

"Crooked" Jim Thompson is up from Stanford painting Mr. M. J. Miller's house.

C. C. Williams has remodeled his dwelling and now has the most desirable property in town.

S. W. Parish has returned from the city where he has been purchasing his Spring stock of goods.

A siding will shortly be put in near Cooks, where D. C. Poynter will get out ballast for the railroad.

All parties owing me must call and settle at once. We are compelled to have the money. D. C. Poynter.

If you are wanting dress goods you should not fail to see our line or send for samples. Severance & Son, Stanford, Ky.

Miss Eliza Miller gave a social party Wednesday night for the entertainment of her numerous young friends. All enjoyed themselves.

We have a splendid line of shoes and trimmings of all kinds. It will pay you to send us an order. Severance & Son, Stanford, Ky.

One of Stanford's boys who has been here for several days says the liquor that is handled here will make a personal officer oars, carry off boxes barre's, &c.

Judge G. W. McClure returned from London Tuesday, where he was engaged in defending the parties accused of killing a man and placing him on the railroad, near Pittsburg.

John Procter now occupies the house where Pat Welch has been selling refreshments and groceries. An agreement could not be reached on the discount on the \$3.45 invoice, so the goods were sold to Smith Fly.

Our B. M. made a trip to Rule and reports the Gentry Bros. mill doing a rushing business cutting lumber.

Don't forget to call at the post office when you come to town, if you want latest styles ladies', misses' and children's hats at surprisingly low prices. Mrs. M. E. Brown.

We understand that our Oklahoma boys, B. H. Coon and Jack Adams, made fast to one homestead within three miles of Guthrie, the capital of the Territory. They are pleased with the situation.

Rockcastle is looking up in the way of good schools. A good one is in progress at Brydhead under the charge of Messrs. Craven & Jackson. One here conducted by Prof. Shaw is spoken very highly of by pupils and parents. An effort is being made to establish a school at Livingston.

## DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

At a meeting of the democracy of Rockcastle county, held at the court house in Mt. Vernon on Saturday, April 27, 1889, pursuant to a call of the State Central Committee to select delegates to attend the convention to be held in Louisville the 5th day of May, 1889, to nominate a democratic candidate for the office of State Treasurer, whereupon D. N. Williams, chairman, explained the object of the meeting. On motion D. N. Williams was made chairman of the meeting and W. R. Cross, secretary. The chairman then appointed the following committee on resolutions: T. G. Taylor, R. M. Bloomer, Wm. Wallin, who, after following:

Resolved: That we approve the call of the democratic State central committee.

2nd. That the following named are appointed delegates to attend said convention, J. W. Brown, W. R. Cross, H. G. Suttin, F. M. Bloomer, Wm. Wallin and all other good democrats, and that they cast their vote of said county in said convention for S. G. Sharp for said treasurer and if should none of said delegates attend that the Hon. G. M. Adams cast the vote of said county.

3d. That these resolutions be published in THE MOUNTAIN SIGNAL and Interior Journal.

D. N. WILLIAMS, Chm.  
W. R. CROSS, Sec.

## LIVINGSTON

Miss Alice Ward will be at home this week.

Mrs. Sharp and Miss Jennie visited Stanford Tuesday.

John Mueller will begin work on his mill Wednesday.

Mrs. W. L. Martin was in London Friday shopping.

Holbrook & Taft have attached a lathe saw to their mill.

J. B. Eberline has rented a house of G. D. Cook and is now house-keeping.

Mrs. Margaret Sambrook and Miss Maggie are visiting at Louisville this week.

James Sambrook attended a prize fight on Ohio river, above Cincinnati last week.

John Stewart says he has quit selling liquor and will now handle family groceries.

The corporation of Livingston has been renewed and the officers appointed are: G. D. Cook, Sam W. and Dan Adams, trustees, Champ Mullins, police judge, C. T. Cox, marshal.

The colored citizens have been having a protracted meeting for the past two weeks with nice additions. They have organized a church with twenty-five members.

J. C. Allen has bought the Allen Mount property and will send for his wife this week. Mounts moved to the Arnold home Monday and bought 54 acres of land from Sam Ward for \$250.00.

## BROODHEAD

Mrs. Linda Sutton is visiting relatives in Mt. Sterling.

Wm. Mahan, of Lily, is visiting his parents at the Falls.

The weather has been very cool in this part of the county.

John M. Perkins said Barbourville and Pineville a visit last week.

Mrs. Leikin & family returned home Monday from a visit to Somerset, Ky.

The Good Templars will have an open installation of officers on Saturday night May 20th. Besides the installation there will be songs and speeches. Every body is invited. A good time is expected.

J. M. Mueller returned Friday and Saturday.

Born, to the wife of John King, a boy on the 24th.

R. W. Smith was here last week selling groceries, &c.

Mrs. S. A. Evans is some better. Mrs. Shewers is better.

The quarry opened Monday and is now working a larger force than before.

Dr. Charles & Hill will probably locate here soon. The vicinity is very much in need of a physician.

## LONDON

A. L. Reid went to Livingston Saturday.

R. C. Ford ("Dr. Bob") went to Manchester on business last week.

Rev. Waldon is conducting a protracted meeting at the Christian church here.

Miss Minnie, of Metchones, was here.

W. C. Kelly, of U. S. Pension Examiner, leaves for his home in Knoxville in a few days.

Misses Eva White and Emma Garrard, of Manchester, and Sallie Mahan, of Danville, were visiting relatives in London and Pittsburg last week.

Thos. Mansford and two other parties, whose names we did not learn, were held on the examining trial by Judge Baker in \$1,000 each for the murder of John Hardin at East Bernstadt.

Master Willis Scoville, son of C. N. Scoville, was run over Monday by a wagon heavily loaded with lumber

and severely injured. His recovery is now thought probable.

Gen. T. T. Garrard, the irrepressible D. K. Garrard and the languishing Jim Hub White, of Clay county, are attending the Centennial celebration at New York this week.

Mr. C. R. Catching and Miss Man- nix Jackson were married at the residence of the bride's father Tuesday evening. May their voyage through life be long and prosperous.

A number of cases of typhoid fever in town. If the old grainists who compose the town council do not take some toward putting the streets and alleys in better condition we may expect nothing but disease and death this Summer.

## WILLIAMSBURG

The Academy is erecting a Military Hall for the purpose of dealing the students.

The American Missionary Society has bought ground here for the purpose of building a Industrial School in the near future.

L. W. Meadows, who has been working for Cund & Sullivan for some time has accepted a position as Postal Clerk on the C. S. R. R. from Cincinnati to Chattanooga.

A Mr. Moore and his wife were killed by lightning last Friday near this place. He leaves a wife and six children to mourn their loss.

The poor little hogs will be taken off the streets last of May. It has been a law for several years but has not been enforced. It seems as though the new trustees are doing their duty.

## GRAB ORCHARD

Mrs. Annie Stewart, is sick.

Our town is very much excited over a case of hydrophobia. Several weeks ago a cow was bitten by a mad dog.

April the 23rd a gay wedding party left here on the noon train for Lexington: Mr. George Lee James and Miss Holmes, accompanied by Mr. Ward Moore and Miss Maud Pettus. They were married at the Phoenix Hotel, that night. Maggie is a lovely girl, of a gay, happy disposition, and her many friends, ardently hope that her wedded life may be one of unalloyed happiness, both to her and husband, and that they may never have cause to regret the step they have taken.

Geo. should, and no doubt does think himself the happiest man living, as he has won the prize, that some other

gallants have lost, we congratulate you on winning out, handsome cousin, and may you ever love, cherish and protect her through life. Their returned home Friday, and are delighted at the bride's mother's but will shortly go to house-keeping.

There will be a meeting of the Republicans of Rockcastle county at the Court House in Mt. Vernon, on the 11th day of May 1889 for the purpose of appointing delegates to attend the State Convention at Louisville, Ky., on May the 22nd to nominate a candidate for State Treasurer. All R. publicans, are especially requested to attend.

J. M. JONES, Chm. Rep. Co. Comm.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

We are authorized to announce T. J. Ballard as a candidate for the Senate to represent this Senatorial District comprised of Rockcastle, Madison and Bell counties. Subject: to the action of the democratic party.

Wanted A few chair seats at the Furniture Factory. Market, Vowels & Co.

## USE

LEXINGTON ROLLER MILLS COMPANY CREAM FLOUR

TRY IT! EVERY SACK GUARANTEED.

If you want good bread and a happy family use STANFORD ROLLER MILLS FLOUR NOS. 1, 2 AND 3

Ask your grocer for it, and see that every sack is branded Stanford Roller Mills, Stanford, Ky.

J. F. Hotts, Traveling Salesman

## Sire & Menefee

Lumber Dealers, STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

Doors, sash and blinds, Dressed Lumber and Chestnut Shingles. We also make the Wagon Wire and Shot-Proof. Write for prices.

## NOTICE

I have opened a Photograph Gallery at McRobert's, corner on Main street, Stanford, and am prepared to do all kinds of my business. My instruments are very fine, and I can give you the best of work.

Anything from a snapshot up to a 14x17 picture made and sent to you.

I cordially invite the public to call and examine my work.

A. J. EARP, Stanford, Ky.

## COME AND SEE US.

Large stock of DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, HARDWARE and GROCERIES, which we will sell CHEAP for CASH.

J. H. NELSON, ROWLAND, KY.

HARRY A. EVANS, A. M., Analytical Chemist, Stanford, Ky.

General analytical and assay work. Mineral and timber lands examined.

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The six weeks Summer Term of the

## MOUNTAIN NORMAL INSTITUTE

And

## Commercial College

Will begin the second Monday in May. New classes for review will be found in all the Common School branches, including Physiology, Theory and Practice of Teaching, and Civil Government.

The daily drills in Elocution Calisthenics will be of special interest and value.

Expenses, including tuition, book-rent, board with furnished room, and lights \$15.

For further particulars see our School Journal, The Educational Evangelist, mailed free.

Address

W. E. SHAW, Principal.

Mt. Vernon, Ky.





## DIVIDING THE SPOILS.

The Republican Idea of Civil-Service Reform and Political Economy.

It is very evident that the spirit which, in the days when Mr. Blaine was Speaker, appointed a committee with General Butler at its head, to execute a war dance on the principle of Civil-Service reform, is again at the helm in Washington. Within one month after his inauguration, President Harrison has completely set at rest all foolish forebodings that his was to be a nappy-pamby, milk-and-water administration. It is already apparent that for the next four years this is to be a government of the boys, by the boys and for the boys, and that no one is eligible to share in its beneficence unless his Republicanism is of the Tom Platt and block of five brand. When that noble Sunday-School superintendent, Mr. Wanamaker, was appointed to the office of Postmaster-General it was universally conceded to be a business-like stroke of political sagacity, which liquidated a \$10,000 obligation on the one hand and promised a business-like administration of postal business on the other. And in this the President showed a very long head. Mr. Wanamaker's attention had been attracted to the expertness shown by one John S. Clarkson in handling the mailing lists of the Voice, the Prohibition organ in New York, which he obtained surreptitiously, and carried to the headquarters of the National Campaign Committee with the greatest celerity and without losing a piece of the precious mail matter. The Voice made a great deal of Mr. Clarkson's connection with its mailing list, and Mr. Wanamaker, being a prohibitionist, naturally accepted its eulogies of his expertness as a disinterested tribute to Mr. Clarkson's qualifications to hold any place in the government. He was more than willing to accept the honor more than lower than the Postmaster-Generalship, for which he recognized the absolute fitness of only one merchant prince in the United States. Therefore, he named Mr. Clarkson as his first assistant, and gave into his hands the power of decapitation and appointment throughout the Union, reserving for himself the control of the post-office at Philadelphia, lest the business interests of Wanamaker, a merchant, might suffer through the election of some political hack to tend his mails. In this Mr. Wanamaker demonstrated that he possessed the capacity to look out for number one, with which the word that buys at his store has credited him.

Mr. Clarkson knew what the President and Mr. Wanamaker expected of him, and was too anxious to see the chips fly to waste time in making a handle of the axe entrusted to his keeping; so he began laying about with all the indiscriminate energy of a boy with his first hatchet. Wherever he saw a Democratic postmaster his tale was full, and Mr. Wanamaker never had to strike twice to sever an offensive partisan head from the office that supported it. Only one consideration restrained him from removing every Bourbon head with one sweep of his reeking axe. It was necessary to make out commissions to fill vacancies as rapidly as these were made, and so he is forced to prolong the agony. But with his enjoyment of the task this duty has been considered by him as an extension of his labors. How he performs his share in the glorious privilege of giving us a first-class mail service may be gathered from the following account of a Congressman from Ohio, of the Indiana shambles: "I went in the other day with a long list of Republican names I wanted favored and asked that as many Democrats be turned out. General Clarkson took my paper, and after running over it hastily said that a new rule had been established by which men in Congress would be required to set down opposite each name and post-office where changes are desired the amount of salary the positions pay. I replied that if nothing more was required I could soon comply, and stepping out side picked up a blue book, and within ten minutes filled in the twenty or thirty places where the amount of salary was required. Then I went back to General Clarkson, and he took a blue pencil and wrote across the back of each one, 'appointed.' This is the way the thing goes. The clerk might every day expect Sunday. The clerks filling out the commissions and looking up the bonds are being overworked. There are no reports to the effect that his work has begun to tell upon Mr. Clarkson's health. The laborer delights in physics pain."—Chicago America (Ind.).

## THE TWINE MONOPOLY.

A Combination That Has Proved Itself a Thorn in the Side of the Farmer.

The honest farmer is beginning to assemble in indignation meetings, where he discusses his wrongs and passes resolutions expressive of his outraged feelings. The laborer is a great thorn in the honest farmer's side. It is not the only one, but it is the one that he is the most

conscious of, and he is getting ready to vigorously protest against it. He is not the victim of the steel trust, the barbed-wire trust, the oil trust, the ironing salt trust, the coal trust, and the rest of the robbers who are entrenched behind our blessed high-tariff wall, but he is used to their exactions and rather likes them; in fact, he doesn't see how his grain could grow and his flocks multiply without the glorious stimulus of protection to the infant industries of Pennsylvania. But this twine trust in some mysterious way has chafed his sensibilities; it has galled him until he winces. It has got him as mad as a wet hen, and he is indignant and resolving with a fire and a copiousness which show that his spirit is not wholly broken, however much it may have been cowed by long-standing abuses not the less effective because they were unperceived by the deluded victim. For a wonder he has discovered that high-priced twine doesn't mean high-priced wheat; that not by a just price. He might have found out some time ago, if he had pleased to inquire, that high-priced lumber, iron, steel, woollens and cottons were equally ineffectual in making high-priced grain, but he has been busy preserving his country from the hated rebel and the accused Britisher that he really hasn't time to examine the facts. He has just voted to keep up his "home market" and to enable Mr. Carnegie to pay high wages, sweetly trustful in the gilded promises of the prophets of high taxes. It is a hopeful sign that he has at last opened his eyes and thrown off his lethargy. It bodes no good to the twine barons. The enemy in sight is the twine trust, but the honest farmer will presently see behind that the serried ranks of the other trusts and combines and protectors; and then will come the deluge. Meanwhile the honest farmer is doing some thinking on his own account. He is putting two and two together and finding out that the sum of the addition is four. When he has got far enough along in his practical arithmetic to determine that if he gives \$1,000 worth of wheat for \$500 worth of goods he is out of pocket the whole difference, whether that difference be collected by the Government for revenue or by Mr. Carnegie for profit, it will be just as well for statement of the McKinley and Randall schools to take to the woods. The corn-fields will be too hot to hold them.—Chicago News.

## DRIFT OF OPINION.

—The colored man's mouth is open wide, but President Harrison puts no gun in it. —The Democrats do not win in Ohio this fall it will not be the fault of the present Republican Legislature. —Cincinnati Enquirer. —Mr. Wanamaker has an eye for harmonious color. He is making his postmasters of the same shade as his postage stamps. —Philadelphia Record. —President Harrison has shown a decided decline of the Cleveland standard of civil service in New York by the prompt removal of Pearson. —There was great talk about high wages for labor when the Republican party got into power, but there is now not a word of an increase except in the wages of Congressmen.—Atlanta Journal. —If Mr. Bayard, whose worst enemy never questioned his absolute integrity, had made his son Chief Executive of the United States, the Department what would the Republican press have said about it? This is what Blaine has done, and Mr. Blaine's personal reputation is as bad as Mr. Bayard's is good, while young Blaine is notoriously without qualifications for the office. We notice that most of the Republican organs are silent about the matter—and we don't wonder!—Indianapolis Sentinel. —If the New York post-office was to continue to be conducted on business principles, Mr. Pearson would obviously have been the man to conduct it. If it was to be converted into a political machine we know of no other man than Van Cott to take charge of it. It will make a very poor postmaster, and the deterioration of the service is inevitable; but the Administration is consistent; we know where to find it. There is no Civil-Service question about it. Any pretense on that score hereafter can only excite laughter.—N. Y. Times.

## November Fools Repeat.

The farmers of the Republican State of Kansas are beginning to wipe the dust from their eyes, and their vision is better now than previous to the November election. They have just discovered that there is no such thing as a high tariff, and furthermore, that they are detrimental to their interest. At a public meeting held recently, they discovered the twine trust, and resolved to use it to crush it. All of us know that the twine trust was November fools as well as there are April fools.—Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.

## AFRICA'S SLAVE TRADE.

How the nefarious Traffic is Carried On By Unprincipled Ship Owners.

The Paris Times published the other day a long and elaborate article giving some details in regard to the slave markets in Hodeida and other towns. It is said that the Turkish Government closes its eyes to the traffic, and that consequently slavery flourishes with little or no hindrance. The few vessels scattered along the great distance from Zanzibar to Suakin are utterly inadequate for the purpose of suppressing the trade. To exercise an effective surveillance a large fleet of cruisers would be necessary, involving, of course, an immense expense.

The captains of the slave ships are thoroughly skilled in the methods of concealing their nefarious trade. For example, when a warship is approaching the slaves are thrown in the bottom of the hold, and barrels and bales and all sorts of things are placed over them, with little care for the danger of their suffocation. In this way many slave escapes are made and engaged in an honest business. In the Red Sea they employ other means to escape. They deal principally in children, and when there is danger of capture they put their captives in small boats and land them on some island, where they conceal them as best they can. One of the difficulties in the way of stopping this traffic is the consent of the slave themselves. In liberty away from their own country they have nothing to lose, and before them, and the result is that many liberated slaves often resell themselves. Moreover, they have a dread of Europeans. The Arabs tell them that the whites eat the blacks.

The proper way to stop the traffic would be to connect the slave markets, which are in the protection, or at least the tolerance, of the Turkish Government. Formerly the markets were carried on openly, now they are operated secretly, and that is the only difference. The slaves land their merchandise upon some deserted portion of the coast, and from there it is brought overland to Hodeida. Every body is informed of the arrival. The Governor is the first to get the news. The slaves are placed with agents, who sell them either in the town itself or in the interior. Of course, the prices vary according to the quality of the goods; but in the interior it goes on openly, considerably raised on account of the fees which the merchants are obliged to pay to the Turkish officials. Nevertheless, a good service may be purchased for a small sum. The negroes are generally employed as servants. The women from Djibouti and Abyssinia are high priced. They are generally pretty, with tolerably clear complexion, and features of the European type. The "retire"—that is, of Arabia. A handsome Galla about twelve years old will sell easily for \$120, \$150 or even \$200. In Hodeida, where there are two European Consuls, this trade is carried on secretly, but in the interior it goes on openly. In Loheva, a little north of Hodeida, the slaves are sold at auction, and the Lieutenant-Governor receives \$2 for each slave that is sold. Moreover, he generally selects one or two to himself out of each cargo. This functionary does not even know how to sign his name, and the Cadi of the same town deals in Gallas and Souddas as the most legitimate business in the country.

All that the Turkish Government does against this traffic is to give a color of satisfaction to the European powers. Lately a Turkish war vessel seized two slaves with 100 negroes; but this is after all only a thin veil to cover the acts which are going on every day under the shelter of the Ottoman flag.

About 1,000 slaves are annually sold at Hodeida, and the trade is carried on at other points on a much larger scale.

"Would you like to retire?" asked a lady of her guest, a somewhat unsophisticated old gentleman making his first visit to the city. "Would I like to what?" he asked. "Retire—would you like to retire now?" "Would I like to what?" "Retire—that is, go to bed?" "Oh, yes; I believe I would like to go to bed. It is a little late to retire or do any other kind of sight-seeing to night, I guess, us country folks get to bed early, you know."

A colored speaker drew "laughter and applause" from a large meeting in Philadelphia the other day by the remark: "There is no denying the fact that the colored man has a monopoly of the labor of the South and will have for years to come. The negro can work more hours a day for less and wait longer for his pay than any other man living."

—Precocious offspring—"Mamma, when there is a new moon what have they done to the old moon?" "Mamma, said—"What a talented child! I never thought of asking what they do with the old moon!"

## RAILWAY CAR ETIQUETTE.

An Observance of It Will Often Save One Not a Little Trouble.

One of the most fruitful themes of contention in railway carriages undoubtedly arises from the tendency of travelers to occupy more seats than rightfully belong to them. On this point, however, the law is very clear. Each person has a right to one seat—that is, to one-half of the double seat with which our cars are usually furnished, and no more. Where the cars are not fully occupied, a passenger may, of course, fill up the vacant half of his seat with packages and may naturally consider that he should not be disturbed until the car begins to fill up, but he must remember that he has no real title to more than half of the settee. The disobliging spirit which many persons show when they are politely asked to remove their bundles, is often very annoying to the passenger, who feels that he has paid for a seat and has a right to occupy one. Still more unreasonable are the people who turn over a seat and expect to occupy four places for two or three passengers when the rest of the car is full. They thus compel later comers to take their choice between standing up and enduring the double discomfort of riding backward and of intruding themselves into a group of friends—into a sort of private box, as it were. A quarrel arose out of just this state of things in a railroad car near Boston some twenty years ago, and the unpleasant result of it was that one gentleman lost his temper and struck another in the face, for which offense he passed three months in the State prison.

Although new comers who take unoccupied seats have right and justice on their side, they are certainly bound to treat those already in possession with civility. No one should sit down beside another in a railroad car without first asking courteously if the latter seat be engaged or without advising the first occupant an opportunity to remove his or her parcels. Few things are more irritating to a lady than the behavior of a man who plants himself abruptly in the seat beside her—perhaps slyly on her bundle or her dress, and then utters a preface or apology. Where a seat has been reserved in order to make a resting-place for bundles or for the feet of travelers on the opposite seat, a new comer, if he can find no other unoccupied place in the car, would certainly be justified in restoring the seat to its natural position and taking possession of it, after having politely if it were asked. If it is not asked, the passenger has the right of absent presence who leaves his valise or umbrella to guard his seat, but, per contra, it is neither fair nor just that a man should expect to occupy two seats on a crowded train—one in the smoking car and one in the ordinary car. Thus, a gentleman who observes that a seat reserved by a valise remained empty for quite a length of time would be justified in taking possession of it (the seat, not the valise), but it would be polite for him to offer to vacate it when the first occupant returned, and he could certainly offer to do so when he perceived that the latter was acting as an escort to a lady sitting on a neighboring seat.—Good Housekeeping.

## TRIFLES IN PROVERBS.

Characteristic Proclamations of Truths Old as the World Itself.

"By coming and going, with a straw in its beak, the bird builds its nest," says the Oji proverb. "A penny haired (swept) is a penny haired," and "A green (pin) a day's a great a year," says the Scotch. "Patching makes a garment last long," says the Yoruba proverb; "He who does not attend to patching will come to want clothes." Again, "The mother of mischief is no bigger than a midge's wing," says the Scotch proverb; and "Little sticks kindle the fire, but great ones put it out," Dean Swift says wittily. "The slitting of one ear in a star hath been found sufficient to propagate the defect in a whole forest." And Dr. Johnson characteristically proclaims the same truth thus: "All knowledge is of itself of some value. There is nothing so minute or inconceivable that I would not rather know it than not." When we read that there is "something to be learned from the merest trifle," that is but another way of saying "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." "Care for the moment, and these will take care for the years," Franklin's words further may well be quoted here: He that wastes idly a groat's worth of his time per day, one day will be another day, and the privilege of using one hundred pounds each day. He that spends a groat a day idly, spends idly above six pounds a year, which is the price for the use of one hundred pounds. A small leak will sink a great ship. "Little strokes fell great oaks." "Constant dropping will wear away stones;" and "By diligence and patience the mouse ate the cable in two."—Way to Fortune.

## CHING-CHONG SURPRISED.

A Chinese Girl Tells What She Knows of Western Women.

A traveling Chinese mandarin who has lately communicated his impressions of the Westerns in his country, deals with great particularity with the position and treatment of women in Europe. These surprised him beyond measure. Thus the notion of husband and wife working in the same place fills him with amusement. "Nobody smiles at it," he says, "and even a husband may perform any menial task in his wife's presence, yet no one will laugh at him." Then again, the notion of men and women associating with each other in a public place, and the code of politeness which requires men to make way for a woman, are to him incomprehensible. In China when the men are gorged the women dine off the scraps, but in the West "at meal-time the men must wait until the women are seated, and then take one after another their places, and the same rule must be observed when the meal is finished." Western women have curious notions about dress and appearance. They set store by a large bust and slender waist, but while the waist can be compressed, the bust can not naturally be enlarged; the majority have a wicker corset made up of steel, which is concealed under the bodice on either side, and is considered an adornment. If a woman is short-sighted, she will publicly mount spectacles. Even young girls in their teens pass their time in looking at themselves in the mirror, and it is not regarded as strange. As for low dresses, he observes in bewilderment that women going to court regard a bare skin as a mark of respect. He is greatly exercised how to describe the Westerns, the words do not exist among Chinese, and accordingly he is driven to describe it. "It is," he says, "a form of courtesy which consists in presenting the lips to the lower part of the chin and making a sound, 'ah-ah-ah,' when visiting their seniors, apply their mouth to the left or right lips of the elder with a smacking noise." Women as shop attendants, women at home, women with mustaches, then engage the writer's attention, and he passes on to "at homes," and dances. "Besides invitations to dinner there are invitations to a tea gathering, such as are occasionally given by wealthy merchants or distinguished officials. When the time comes for the women to go to an equal number of men and women, and after these are all assembled, tea and sugar, milk, bread, and the like are set out as aids to conversation. After the tea is over, the women are sent to sleep and pass the night in slumber. To sleep and pass the night in slumber is what man's is to be the partner of what woman, and what woman of what man. Then with both arms grasping each other they leave their places in pairs and pass the night in slumber and grace for their mutual gratification. A man and a woman previously unknown to one another may take part in it."—London Times.

## Female Farmers.

Will the coming young woman be a farmer? Scattered over all the broad prairies of the Northwest are hundreds of self-reliant, true blue young ladies who have been isolated cabins called shacks, proving up claims, entering homesteads and making money.

It is lonesome, dreary business, this living alone on a wild, unsettled prairie, without a face or human form to welcome or cheer one's solitude, but there seems to be a good many young women who have the grit to hang out on the prairie a life long enough to prove up a claim at last. Four young ladies in Dakota last year put their heads together and made a business plan, whereby they could each secure a claim and yet all live comfortably together in one house and each upon her own land. Instead of building four shacks with one room each, they constructed one shack with four rooms, but so nicely planned that each room of the square building was on a different quarter section. Each had her own bed in her own room and in that way each claimant at night slept upon her own land. Society ladies of the city will wonder, not so much how these young lady settlers got along without social privileges, as how they dared live so far away from the doctors. Why, bless you they never thought of being sick. Doctors are not half so much of a household necessity as city people are in the habit of thinking.

For all the ordinary ills of life, the old-fashioned roots and herbs remedies are more effective, and much safer in results, than modern doctors' pills and powders. These latter are so radical in their effects that, while they may better meet the modern desire for quick results, they frequently permanently injure the system, nature rebelling against the unnatural methods employed. It is always safest to follow natural methods in treating disease. The old time roots and herbs remedies, which our good old grandmothers knew so well how to prepare, were the best medicines the world ever knew, because they were nature's own remedies. The modern world needs them. In Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, and especially such as Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy, the people of today have an opportunity to secure the really effective little cure which our grandmothers used with such splendid results.

—Dreadful—"It was an awful sight," quoth Mrs. Spriggins. "It was just like one of those horrorscoses you dream about."—Harper's Bazar.



See also the best printing-machine in the world, and the best line of works of high art ever shown together in America.  
**TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.**





# The Mountain Signal.

Published Every Friday.

MT. VERNON, KENTUCKY.

## THE FIRST MEMORY.

It is my earliest memory:  
Looking, by viewless sunlight, sweet,  
Glow, glimmering, in the shade,  
That hides, for ever hidden, from me,  
The fairy land of infancy:  
The gateway of my narrow yard  
My baby feet from roving far,  
One day I found it swinging wide:  
My freedom was, at last, my own;  
I pressed triumphantly outside,  
And stepped forth in a world unknown!  
Across the way, a field of corn  
Was rustling in the breezy morn.  
I hastened to it, overhead:  
The long green leaves their banners spread:  
(No eastern palm, today, to me,  
So proudly tall would stand so high.)  
Above against the clear, blue sky,  
The crests of flowers rose straight and high,  
White, in the shelter of a shade beneath,  
The silk hung from each emerald sheath.  
At once my dimpled hands were full—  
I saw the clustering threads of gold,  
And near the treasure house to show:  
When, lo!  
I could not find the way to go!  
I wandered helplessly here and there;  
The long green leaves with rustling sound,  
Were bending, awing, all around:  
They whispered terror in my ears—  
"Where had I come?—What was I where?"  
My baby, all seemed lost,  
Since I the doorway gate had crossed,  
With trembling limbs and blind with tears,  
And lifting piercing shriek on shriek,  
That still to the seedling faint and weak,  
Of all earth's creatures most forlorn,  
I stood amid that waning core:  
When on my brow I felt a kiss,  
Warm, loving arms were round me prest,  
And in an ecstasy of bliss  
I lay upon my mother's breast:  
It is my earliest memory:  
As, more, how oft it comes to me,  
When all looks dark, and how it gleams,  
And seems a parable of love!  
—Marion Douglas, in Wide Awake.

## STORIES OF SHIPS.

### The Mysterious Fate of Vessels Never Heard From.

I suppose that a hundred ships come and go where one is lost, but when one reflects on the dangers to which they are exposed he must marvel that so many escape. I saw a list of thirty-six missing ships the other day, missing from American harbors, and from the ports, and the fate of each was unknown or guessed at. Say that half of them foundered in mid-ocean, five were run down in collision, five more were wrecked on capes or shoals where all hands perished, and so repeat the rest: Say that three of the remainder were destroyed by fire, and what fate shall we attribute to the other five? From the moment a vessel leaves port to begin her voyage she is exposed to danger, and though a sailor may be ever so brave and hardy, he can not shake off the knowledge that he lives on the verge of the grave. There are gales, and fogs, and collisions, and fire, and hidden rocks, and powerful currents; and so repeat that it is a marvel more sailing craft are not added to the lonesome list of missing which is recorded year by year.

In the year 1855, as the British bark Lord Oldham, of which I was second mate, was approaching the Canary Islands, and when about 180 miles distant, we were caught in the tail end of a cyclone and badly knocked about. We got out with, and lost, and a great deal of discomfort, and were bearing up again to our course when a great calamity happened. Half an hour before midnight, while the bark was doing her best under a fresh breeze, a sudden and great squall came. Her masts went by the board, and, as I reached the deck, a minute after the shock, the hull seemed to split open from stem to stern. I had gone below to get a glass of bitters, leaving the deck only thirty seconds before the shock came. I was knocked down and confused, but it could not have been over six seconds before I regained the deck. It was just in time to be carried overboard. I went with a lot of rattle from the decks, and amid the frightened cries of the men, and a quarter of an hour later, when I had lashed myself in the cross-trees of the mainmast, I could not get an answer to any of my calls to the rest of the crew. How it was that all were lost I never could make out. There was rattle enough to have floated 500 men, and my watch were certainly all wide awake at the moment of the collision. The only explanation I can give is that they were somehow caught and crushed. I drifted during the rest of the night, and was picked up in the morning by a vessel bound in. By that time the wreckage had drifted apart, and nothing could be found. Nothing whatever was picked up or cast upon any shore, and had I not been saved, the fate of the bark could only have been guessed at.

What did she collide with? The lookouts were on the bow, and alert, and the night so clear that a ship could have been seen a mile away. The chart showed clear water for a hundred miles about, and we must have run full tilt into some vessel

which had been dismantled and bilged in a hurricane. If loaded with timber, her decks would have been awash, and she would have been as bad as a rock to collide with. There was only one shock, and the whole bows of the bark were crushed in by it.

Three years ago, while off the Banks of Brazil in a small English ship called the White Cloud, another strange thing happened. I was first mate of this ship, and about ten o'clock in the forenoon, the weather being very fine and the wind light, I had all the men on deck setting up the rigging, some of which had slackened away. A man aloft suddenly called the deck with the information that a large whale was heaving down on the ship's head on. We were a merchant vessel, and the sight of a whale had no interest for us. We went on with our work for three or four minutes, when the man again hailed me with:

"Off that fellow, sir! He's a big fellow, and coming like an iron steamer."

I ran forward to get a look, and the sight was so smooth that I had no difficulty in making out the whale. He was still a mile away, coming down at about steamer speed, and holding a course as straight as if somebody aboard of him was steering by compass. I was not a bit alarmed, expecting to see him show flukes every moment, but the captain came on deck and ordered the man at the wheel to break off two or three points. This brought the whale on our port bow.

I told you, I expected to see him sound every moment. It was astonishing that he had not discovered us long before. I could scarcely believe my eyes as he held on, and by and by he had him alongside. I am telling you the truth when I say he actually rubbed us as we passed each other, and the odor of him was so rank that the some of the men cried out in disgust. That whale was ninety feet long if he was an inch, and he had a head on him like a brick wall. So far as we could see he was carrying no harpoons and had no fresh wound, but he was moss-grown and barnacled as if he had knocked about for a couple of hundred years. The fact of his holding his own side a hull-headed way was strange, and when we were clear of him we fell to congratulating ourselves over the close shave.

We were perhaps a mile apart when the whale slewed around. The moment he did so, I saw he was doing so, and knew that he meant to attack. The sea now had died away until we could not hope to dodge him, and he had not yet fairly turned when we dropped the yawl from the davits and ran her alongside to the bow. Two men were ordered to get water and provisions into her, and as the whale headed up for us we went off before the breeze to give him all the room we could. Three or four minutes settled the question of whether he was doing the ship or sailing his own course. He headed up for her, coming faster and faster, and when he was two cable's length away there was a great white trail of water rolling before him, and he sped us from eight to twenty miles an hour. He struck us full on the starboard quarter, and the shock was as if two ships had collided. Planks and ribs gave way under him, and as he ran down from the blow our ship settled down stern first and was under water within two minutes. Everybody was knocked down by the shock, and everybody got up to rush for the yawl. I was alone among the sea, and as soon as I reached my feet, and after a struggle, in which I came out first best by a close shave, I was shot to the surface amid a lot of deck rattle. There were two or three men around me at first and I was hoisted up I caught sight of the yawl with at least two men in her. The whale was still at hand, lying very quiet, but I feared he would soon be aroused and attack us in turn, and I seized the galley door and paddled away to get out of his reach. While doing this a squall came down and hung on for twenty minutes, and when it had passed I could see nothing of boat nor whale.

That afternoon, an hour before a noon tide, I was picked up by the American whaler Richard Knox. She already had our yawl, which she had found bottom up, but had not seen any of the men nor met with any wreckage. I was again the only one saved. Her first testimony to the fate of the ship would have forever remained a mystery. As to why the whale attacked us was made more clear after my rescue. The Knox had raised and chased him three days before, and he had been "galled" or annoyed so often during the month past that he had become ugly. He came for us with the intention of sending the ship to the bottom, and he succeeded only too well in carrying out his purpose. A third mystery was the case of the Janet Wilcox, an American brig bound for Rio Janeiro. I was second mate of her when the occurrence took place. We had bad weather for a good share of the voyage, but the brig was new

and staunch, and was at no time in imminent peril. About three hundred miles off Rio, while enjoying a bit of good weather, we one morning raised a long haul of men dead ahead of us. Indeed, the boat had taken down her sail and was waiting for us to come.

There were nine men aboard of her, and they had plenty of water and provisions. The story they told was that they were a part of the crew of a large British ship which had been burned two days before, but that all had been in boats, but that the boats had become separated in the heavy weather. They were a hard-looking lot, composed of all nationalities, and when we had taken them aboard our captain was by no means satisfied with their story. One of them claimed to be second mate, and, as the crew had all got off in two boats, it was a puzzle that the first mate was not in command of one. I changed that, and the story of the men did not hang together, and so all hands were ordered to keep an eye on the fellows.

We got a good slant of wind and had run down to within fifty or sixty miles of the coast when the fellows showed their hands. They had been allowed to mingle freely with our crew, but had carefully abstained from a remark to indicate that they had an evil purpose in view. Their boat was large and unwieldy, and we had towed it after us rather than to cut it loose or attempt to hoist it aboard. I was on watch from eight to twelve, and nothing suspicious occurred during the first three hours. About eleven o'clock, as I stood near the man at the wheel, I was hailed from the foremast with:

"Mr. Merlin, will you please step forward and take a look at something we can't make out?"

I afterward recalled that it was not the voice of my watch, but I did not heed the man at the time. I started forward and had reached the waist of the vessel when two men seized me, lifted me clear of the deck, and before I could recover from my astonishment I was flung overboard head first. It was with great instinct that any plan of my own that I swam for the boat towing astern. Had the brig not been close hauled, and therefore sailing at a moderate pace, I should not have been so easily taken. I was close shaved, and as I hung to the gunwale for a moment I heard a great confusion on the brig. It was mutiny, of course, and I was the first victim. My idea was to get aboard again as soon as I could, and I pulled her close up, and then she pulled the painter. After an effort or two I pulled myself in, and just then there were cries and pistol shots from the brig, followed by a couple of splashes, which meant that two bodies, living or dead, had gone overboard. I had hold of the painter when it was loosened from above and I drifted rapidly astern. The light continued as long as I was within hearing. I was out of it entirely, and could only hope that our crew, who were all good men, would overcome the mutineers in the struggle.

After the brig was out of sight I got all on my back, and I felt, it was the best of my judgment. It was just in the gray of morning that I was picked up by a British ship bound into Rio. It wasn't so very mysterious that we picked up the boat and her crew attempted to escape, but it certainly was queer that from the hour she left me to this day that brig has never been heard of. But for my escape she would have been rated as lost and the insurance paid. As it was an insurance company contested payment, and won their case in court. The insurance of that day, at least, did not provide for any such emergency. The naval and merchant service of every power was notified of the circumstance, and for two or three years every sea was under observation, but the brig was never overhauled, nor any of her old crew heard of. My idea is that she foundered within a few days with all hands, but others differ. She certainly did not turn pirate, for she was never heard of as a wreck. There was no such British ship as the men said, nor was any craft burned as they stated. They must have been lying in wait; but it is queer the way they would close shut out to sea in such a boat. Taken all in all it was a strange case, and no one has ever got the right end of the thread to solve the tangle.—N. Y. Sun.

A discussion arose on board an Atlantic liner a short time ago as to the citizenship of a gentleman at the other end of the saloon. "He's an Englishman," said one, "I know by his head." "He's a Scotchman," said another, "I know by his complexion." "He's a German," said a third, "I know by his beard." The young ladies thought he looked a little Spanish. Here the conversation rested, but soon one of them spoke. "I have it," said she. "He's an American. I know by his legs on the table."—Boston Beacon.

## SWEEPING A ROOM.

### A Domestic Art That Should Be Acquired By All Housewives.

Rooms that are carpeted should be frequently swept, even though they may not be used much. Especial care should be taken to brush the edges and corners of the carpet with a short corn broom. Moths and carpet-bugs are in that way kept out of a room. A sleeping-room should be thoroughly swept and dusted every week, no matter how clean it may look. With no room in the house should there be more care taken. It may look all right, but it will not be fresh and sweet without the weekly cleaning. Have covers for the large pieces of furniture. These covers should be about two yards and a half long. In most households three such covers will be enough. Three breadths of some cheap print, stitched together and hemmed, will make a cover that answers for the largest piece of furniture.

First take the ornaments and small pieces of furniture and put them in another room. Now dust the heavy pieces and cover them with the cloths. Brush the backs of the pictures and the edges over the doors and windows. Shake out the curtains, if you have drapery, and fold and fasten them back from the window. If there be portieres, take them down. If you can easily do so, shake and air them. Take up the sweeper and have them beaten out of doors. When the dust is gone, sprinkle the carpet with coarse dairy salt and then sweep the room, taking short strokes with the broom. Take up the sweeper and shake the broom out of doors, to remove all the dust and lint.

After the dust has had time to settle, go over the carpet with a broom once more, sweeping very gently. This will take up all the dust that has settled on the carpet. With a feather duster, take the walks, doors, pictures, windows, etc. Take the covers from the heavy furniture, and after shaking them out of doors, fold them up and put them away. Wash the windows and wash all the spots from the paint around the door-knobs, baseboards, etc. If there be a fire-place in the room, wash the hearth; or, if a stove be used, polish it before dusting. Now shake out the curtains and hang them out of doors. Place the furniture and ornaments in position, using a piece of cheese cloth to wipe off any of the dust that may cling to any of the articles.

No matter how cold the weather, the windows should be kept open during the sweeping and dusting.

A print dress and a cap should always be worn when sweeping. Cut a pair of old stockings open at the toes, and put a hole in each heel for the thumbs. Draw these over the hands and arms and they will protect the hands and sleeves.

When a carpet is used a good deal, as in a sitting-room, after it is swept, put two quarts of warm water in a pail and add to it three tablespoonfuls of ammonia, or two of turpentine. Wring a cloth out of this water and wipe the carpet with it. It will brighten the fabric considerably.

When cleaning a room, never shake rugs, curtains, etc., out of the windows. A large part of the dust flies back into the room: much of it clings to the house; and if there be any windows open near by, the dust is blown back into the room. In either summer or winter, all these things should, when possible, have a good shaking in the back yard and then hanging on a line for awhile, to get an airing.—Maria Parlon, in Housewife.

## Soaking Grain in Brine.

The usual method of soaking grain in brine to destroy smut spores is as follows: In an ordinary wash tub prepare the brine so that it will float a fresh egg. The seed is then placed in the fluid and allowed to soak for ten or fifteen minutes, after which the liquid is poured into another tub and the grain is spread on the floor, sprinkled with sufficient lime to whiten it, and allowed to dry. This process is repeated until all the grain has been soaked. While there has long been a wide-spread belief among farmers that soaking seed in brine, sulphate of copper solutions and other preparations would prevent smut, recent carefully conducted experiments have demonstrated that little or no benefit is to be derived from any such treatment. In fact, it has been shown that dressing seed with strong brine or sulphate of copper solution, especially the latter, is a dangerous and even more harmful than good. It weakens the vitality of the seed to such an extent that if they germinate at all the plants they make are weak and rarely mature perfect fruit.—B. T. Galloway, Vegetable Pathologist, Department of Agriculture.

By using the best seed the more vigorous and healthy plants are secured; and then by giving good cultivation a good growth is made, and in this way large crops are secured.

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Miss Fannie Macaulay, who died a few days ago at Brighton, England, at the age of eighty, was the last surviving sister of Thomas Babington Macaulay.

—One of Murat's daughters, Luisa Marchesa Raspoli, is said to be still living, at the age of ninety-two, in Ravenna, Italy. She was therefore nineteen in 1815, when Napoleon I. was dethroned and her father shot.

—Assistant Doorkeeper Bassett has been in the employ of the United States Senate for fifty-eight years. He recently celebrated his golden wedding, and has thus made the recipient of a handsome present from the Senators.

—E. B. Ball, the nearest living relative of George Washington, occupies a stall in the south corridor of the Pension Building at Washington, where he sells cigars and fruit to the clerks. He is nearly eighty years old, and bears a striking resemblance to the Father of his Country.

—John Wannamaker's country place at Jenkin is said to absorb his attention as completely when out of town as business does at the store in Philadelphia. He is a liberal entertainer, and his hall-fellow freedom and jollity are contagious. He has a splendid collection of roses and orchids, and his rhododendrons are famous in the neighborhood.

—Mrs. Stanley Brown, formerly Miss Mollie Garfield, daughter of the dead President, is described as a singularly beautiful woman, with slender but almost faultless form. The impressive effect of her beauty is said to be heightened by "undisguisable suggestions of sadness," which have lingered about her eyes and mouth ever since the dark day of "93" when she lost the father she idolized.

—The Duke of Westminster, according to the latest returns, is still the richest man in Great Britain, his fortune being set down at \$80,000,000. This is a pretty big sum, but it isn't overrating it to say that there are at least half a dozen men in this country who could buy out the Duke without exhausting the contents of their coffers. America has become the abode of the Croakers of the earth.

—Miss Breckinridge, daughter of the Kentucky Congressman, said to a Washington writer, recently: "We once lived at the same hotel with General and Mrs. Harrison. She is one of the sweetest women in a world, and will be very popular. She takes sincere pleasure in doing good and making everybody happy. We young girls were all in love with her. She used to give us a great deal of pleasure, and I am sure that she was ever conscious of it."

## "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—A Chicago woman recently married a man named Nail. There is one woman, then, who can hit a Nail on the head every time.—Yonkers Statesman.

—In Ecuador it is understood that the employer shall board the cook's family. The case is similar in America, only the employer doesn't understand it.—Drake's Magazine.

The last words of great men are all recorded in the books, but the last words of women, great and small, have always been too much for the historians.—Journal of Education.

—Rescuee (to man he has just cut down): "The boys lynched yer, and yer yer fer dead, did they? Well, did do yer feel now?" Half-fanged man—"Quite unstrung."—Boston Beacon.

—Dillard—"Now this is outrageous. Here's Casket has charged the widow Jones \$500 for her husband's funeral." "Brightly"—"Well, you must always expect a stiff bill from an undertaker."—Lowell Citizen.

—The coal man he whistled a merry gay. As he flexed up the scales in a fanciful way, And he nodded and smiled while he carried this lay: "As ye journey through life, let us live by the weigh."

## —Merchant Traveler.

—Mrs. Tempterton—"Henry, father wrote me yesterday what he wants to get typewritten. What he the best kind, do you think?" Tempterton (impressed in stock questions)—"I like 'em about twenty-four with dark blue eyes."—Munsey's Weekly.

—Stranger—"How are base-ball players?" Two Haute men—"Two Haute citizen—'Bad. All gone to the dogs, so to speak." Stranger—"Ah, that accounts for the sight of so many canines with catchers' masks on. I suppose."—Free Haute Express.

A gentleman meeting a friend on the street stopped him to condole with him on his emaciated appearance, and inquired anxiously as to the cause. "Alas!" said the friend, "I have suffered for years with walking in my sleep." "Have you walked out of the door at night, have been saved when about to step from an upper window, and am now so in dread of fatal results that I fear to sleep at all?" "An easy matter to cure," replied the first gentleman. "I have had to do with you, and you won't walk."—Philadelphia Press.

163 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio | [www.papco.com](http://www.papco.com)



